A NEW SONG, BEING THE TORIES Imploration FOR Protection againſt the Whiggs.

To an Excellent New Scotch Tune.

I.

DEfend us from all *Popiſh Plots*,
That ſo the People fray;
And eke from treacherous *Whiggs* and *Scots*,
As bad or worſe than They.
From *Parliaments*, Long Rumps, and Tails,
From *Houſe of Commons* Furies;
Defend us eke from *Proteſtant Flails*,
And *Ignoramus Juries!*

II.

Protect us now and evermore,
From a *White Sheet* and *Proctor*,
And from that *Noble Peer*, brought o're
The *Salamanca Doctor*:
A *Doctor* with a Witneſs, ſure,
Both in his Riſe and Fall;
His *Exit* almoſt as obſcure,
As his Original!

III.

Deſigns and Dangers far remove
From this Diſtreſſed Nation,
And Damn the *Trayterous Medal* off,
Bold *Tony*'s 'Sociation.
And may the Prick-ear'd Party, that
Have Coine enough in Cupboard,
Forbear to ſhiver an Eſtate,
And Splinters mount for *Hobbart!*

IV.

From ſixteen Self-conceited *Peers*,
Protect our Soveraign ſtill;
And from the Damn'd *Petitioners*
For the *Excluſive Bill.*
Our *King* Defend, and make Him great,
'Gainſt *Tony* upon *Tony*;
And from a *Houſe of Commons*, that
Will give the *King* no Money!

V.

From thoſe that did Deſign and Laugh
At *Tangier*, in Diſtreſs,
And were *Mahometans* worſe by half,
Than all the *Moors* of *Fez*
From ſuch as with Uſurping Hand,
Drive *Princes* to Extreams;
Confound all their Devices, and
Deliver *Charles* and *James!*

VI.

May they be Wiſe, and ſoon expel
Th' Old *Fox*, th' Old Fawning *Elf*;
The Time draws nigh, *Achitophel*
Shan't need to Hang himſelf.
Impartial *Juries* for his ſake,
Brave *North* and *Box* may bring;
And make his Noſe thro' Nooze to ſneak,
For *Treaſon* 'gainſt his *King*.

London, Printed for *J. D.* in the Year 1682.

A NEW SONG,

TO THE TUNE OF

TORIES Implotation

FOR

Protection against the Whigs.

To a Tune in our New Scotch Play.

I.

O Heav'n from all Peril, Pain,
Thou to thy People ever,
And save for mercies sake and Love,
As hast at work thus far.
From Popery, Knox & Tails,
From Cromwell, Rebellion,
And Covenant,

II.

Purge us now and ever,
From Whigs and Rogues,
And from that Devil Oliver,
The Commonwealth Dog,
A Dog with a Whig,
Both in Life,
As in Death,

III.

Plagues and Dangers,
From this Devil,
And Devil's Imps,
And from all Whigs,
And Devil's Imps,
Have Charge over us,
Both in Life,
And in Death,
Have Charge over us,
For Heaven's Honour and Glory,
And Saviours sake for Ever.

IV.

Grant us Peace and Quiet,
Protect us from Whigs,
And from Rebellion,
For the Honour of Heaven,
Our King, and make Him great,
Glorious upon Earth;
And [illegible] of Heaven, that
We may live the King no Money.

V.

From that Devil and Dog,
At Tongue, in Deed,
And were Whigs words by all,
The evil are Slaves of Sin
From Hell as with Whipping Hand,
Drive Rebels to Torments;
Confound all their Devices, and
Deliver Church and Crown.

VI.

May they be Wife, and soon expel
The Old Fanatick Whigs,
The Devil drives in Hell,
Subject need to King Limbic,
Governed under his Yoke,
Slave Whigs and Jack may bring,
And make his Mole to Hoxero Hook,
For Treason pay his King.

London, Printed for J. D. in the Year 1683.